



The Quick and the Z(ed)



survival

horror

👁 15 ✓ 0 ★ 0

Chapter 1 by Fundinn

John was tired. He had been moving through the city for two days, hiding where he could. Now he was stuck in an office building, with at least three of the dead somewhere on this floor, and a dozen or more on the streets outside. With no more food and nothing else to do, he closed his eyes and slept.

He dreamed about the beginning. He remembered seeing something on the news, but he laughed it off. His roommates thought it was some sort of intense viral marketing, but John just thought it was a slow news day. They had gotten massively drunk that night, and John was so hungover the next morning that he didn't even notice that anything was off until he made it to the office.

What he first noticed was the quiet. Then he started seeing signs of struggle, and when he saw blood on the walls he decided to leave, to leave and try to find his girlfriend.

The door was ajar when he made it to her house, and when he called her name he heard her scream his from the back yard. Ignoring everything else he ran out the back door. She was on

the other side of the yard, her back to the privacy fence she insisted on having, too tall for her to climb, she was at the mercy of the zombies. They looked like people. People who had died violently and somehow kept moving. Perhaps would have been the word if John hadn't been paralyzed.

[See more of Story Wars](#)[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

"John!" Susan screamed, and John had wanted to help. He had wanted to save her, to run to her side, but he ran instead. He ran out onto the street and kept running as he heard her scream become more desperate.

Now his dream shifted, and she was there. Her, but not her: on of Them. The dead. She was on him and in him and he was being torn apart. He tried to scream, but something was covering his mouth. He realized he was awake and that someone had their hand over his mouth and a gun in his face.

"Ssshh." a calm male voice shushed him. John calmed down and the hand left his mouth. Shaking the dream from himself, John focused on the man in front of him. He was smallish, but seemed strong. He wore a thin grey coat with a Canadian flag on the sleeve and a name badge that said: "Remark Expedited Shipping" and declared the owner's name to be the letter "Z".

"It's OK to talk now...quietly. I took out two on this floor, but I think there's another one somewhere nearby. Have you been bitten?"

John just stared at the man. He had no idea what to say. The man seemed to tense.

"Have...you...been...bitten?" He asked again.

"No...no. I'm good, I'm not one of them." John replied nervously. The man simply nodded, took off his backpack and handed John a powerbar.

"Sorry," The man said, "It's all I can spare right now." John thanked him and quickly ate the offered food.

"So...Z, huh?" John awkwardly broke the silence.

"It's Zed, actually. Not Zee." The man replied without malice.

"Zed? You don't sound British to me?" Zed pointed to the Canadian flag patch on his shoulder.

"Canadian," was his reply, "You think you can move? We got some ground to cover."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |   

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account